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SILVER WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kazmaier
Celebrate Their 25th Wedding Anniversary.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 1, 1897, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kazmaier of Perrysburg, celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary by inviting a large number of friends and relatives to enjoy the hospitalities of their home.

Everything that heart could wish was provided for the entertainment of the guests. Music and dancing was enjoyed until early morning. The host and hostess were treated to a genuine "beiling" by a number of the guests who rendered a "tin can serenade" in excellent style, but who were themselves captured and brought into the house where they were compelled to confess their guilt.

The banquet was elaborate and elegant, and a large party of friends did justice to the good things prepared for them.

The presents were numerous, beautiful and valuable and are as follows:

Fruit dish, mirror, silver rim pipe, Kentucky cob pipe, meerschaum pipe, mittens, spread, table cloth, napkins, 2 boxes cigars, cup and saucer, soup ladle, two rocking chairs, berry spoon, and forks, set knives and forks, card receiver, pudding dish, set knives and forks, sugar shell, nut crackers and picks, desert spoons, three cake baskets, fruit basket, glass and silver pitcher, silver pitcher, silver coffee pot, silver tea pot, souvenir spoon, butter knife, thimble, sugar shell and towel, glass water set and tray, glass vase, flowers, lamp, etc.

Among the guests present were—Andrew Kazmaier, Alf Witzler, Wm. Delbert, Mrs. Smith, Freddie Kazmaier, Fannie Ault, Grandma Kazmaier, Mrs. Caroline Sessions, Emma Kazmaier, Ella Underhill, A. W. Degner, E. A. Underhill, George and William Kazmaier, Chas. Haefer, Henry Kazmaier, Fred Mutchler, Mr. and Mrs. Leydoff, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hoffman, Frank and Will J. Kazmaier, Frank Reubensall, B. F. Gunder, and wife, Will Kazmaier and wife, J. Gunder and family, Albert Kazmaier and wife, Will Fruescher and wife, Chas. Weidner, Delia Bauman, John Reubensall, Sarah Delbert, John Kazmaier, and wife, John Kazmaier, Ida Danofsky, Rachael Stein.

Those from neighboring towns were G. G. Guyer, daughter and son of Findlay; W. Stein, of Walbridge, Wm. Renz and wife, and Albert Renz of Cleveland.

The guests departed at an early hour in the morning, well pleased with their reception and wishing many happy returns of the occasion to Mr. and Mrs. Kazmaier.

Rev. Albritton Vindicated.

After an all day and evening session of the judicial conference of the fourth district of the M. E. church, held at Pittsburgh, Pa., this week, Rev. J. L. Albritton, D. D., of Toledo, was completely exonerated of the charge of immorality with a woman of McGuffey, Ohio. Last September the Central Ohio conference found him guilty of conduct unbecoming a minister, sentencing him to reproof in open conference by the bishop and suspension from ministerial office and credentials for one year. His exonerated occurred on the 30th anniversary of his ordination to the ministry. So the press dispatches say.

Sewing Machines.

What is the use of buying a cheaply constructed machine when you can buy the Domestic or White at the same price? 22 WMSGILECT.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of J. C. Wygant, late of Wood county, deceased. Dated this 31 day of December A. D. 1897. R. S. CLEGG, Admr.

BLOWN OUT

Was the Life of Daniel Le Van of Findlay

Nitro Glycerine Lets Go Near the Village of Bradner.

On Tuesday morning, at about 8.30 o'clock, nitro glycerine got in its terrible work in the vicinity of Bradner, Wood county.

The particulars as obtained are as follows:

The American Nitro Glycerine company's magazine, located about a mile north of that village containing eighty cans exploded, and the company's stock hauler, Daniel LeVan of Findlay, was killed.

LeVan was at the company's factory nearby and was moving a barrel that was frozen and in doing so set off some particles of the deadly explosive, and was immediately blown to pieces.

The deceased was a man of a family and resided at Findlay. The few remaining fragments of his body that were found were sent home to his family.

D. OF R. RECEPTION

Eldorado Lodge Enjoys a Visit from Their Neighbors.

On Monday evening last, Eldorado lodge, Daughters of Rebekah of Perryburg were agreeably surprised by a large delegation of visitors from Toledo, Waterville and elsewhere, who dropped in to spend the evening. As usual Eldorado gave their guests a royal welcome. Among those present were:

Sisters Honor Burge, Nellie Burge, L. L. Jewett, Clara Schermer, Mesdames Robert Burge, Jos. Baumlein, Nellie Wilson, S. M. Gress, E. Belre, D. A. Mayer, N. Bigelow, Amelia Volk, C. M. Feilbach, M. C. Steadman, W. A. DeForest and wife, G. F. Snyder and wife, J. M. Hadley and wife, Brothers John Welland, D. J. Bigelow, J. C. Schofield, E. W. Hamann, A. H. Steadman, Sisters Amelia Jung, Flora Clapperton, Alta Wilson, Mesdames P. Gettun, A. Kohn, P. M. Gress, Jas. Schofield, O. Blackmore, Marthar Stough, Mae Stonehouse, Sarah Turner, W. R. Harpster, Ida Snayely, Buiton Van Wormer of Aurora lodge, Toledo; Sisters Clara Spilker, M. L. Cassidy, Edith Leighton, Minnie Harsch, James Laggett of Lucas lodge, Toledo, Mrs. Rebecca and Miss Scheets, of Social lodge, Montpelier Ind., Anne E-worthy, Nellie Flory of Star of Hope lodge, Waterville.

A Foreign Pilgrimage.

On January 30th, prox. Rev. G. H. Reiken will make an extensive transatlantic trip. From New York he will sail directly to Gibraltar, thence to Algeria, Naples, Malta, Egypt, The Holy Land, Constantinople, Italy, Switzerland, Baden, Bavaria, Austria, Germany, Luxemburg, France, Belgium, England, Scotland and Ireland. He will return towards the end of May.

Something Nice for Xmas.

A nice blanket, robe or sweater would be a fine Christmas present. Call and see them. WM. SCHLECT.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

Fallen Among Thieves.

This play which will finish this week at the Peoples abounds in sensational scenic embellishment, the representation of High Bridge, New York, showing all its massive and ponderous details, being particularly effective. With this scene as the background, one of the most startling effects ever seen on the stage occurs. A young girl dives headlong from the topmost point of the bridge into the Harlem river, 50 feet below, a peerless feat of daring that thrills the heart and makes the pulse tingle.

McSorley's Twins.

Commencing Sunday night, Dec. 12, and continuing four nights, McSorley's Twins will be the attraction.

Captain of the Non Such.

Dec. 16, 17 and 18, the Captain of the Non Such will furnish amusement for the patrons of the popular People's Theatre.

Peoples popular prices: Matinees, 25 cents, no higher. Evenings, 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents, no higher. Best seats 35 and 50 cents.



[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]

The old man puffed and tramped heavily down the stairs, and at the bottom he found Alf and the other fellows waiting for him. "Don't put yourself to no uneasiness on her account, gentlemen," he said. "She can take care of herself, and if she can't, I gad, I can take care of her or come mighty blame high it; but I reckon that expression is a little too strong for a man that thinks as much of a revival as I do, and I ask the Lord to excuse me."

"But hold on and tell us somethin' about her," Alf insisted.

"I don't know a blessed thing about her except that she's all right, and that's all anybody need to know."

Shortly afterward a young woman called at the hotel, introduced herself to the stranger and said that following the advice of her father she had come to ask Miss Lopp to board with her. "We have a great, big old-fashioned house," she said, "and you may have all the room you want, so don't say you won't. Will you please not say you won't?"

The visitor had taken a seat on the piano stool and not ungracefully was slowly turning herself half round and then back. She was a comely girl and it was evident that she was the belle of the neighborhood; and it was also evident that she cared nothing for this distinction, that she had studied and read herself beyond any companion-ship that the village might offer, and that simply to be admired had long since grown tiresome to her. Miss Lopp never forgot that pleasing picture, the dark eyes half humorously pleading, the abundant hair caught up here and there as if by graceful and yet careless dips, the pleasing face and yet a countenance bespeaking strength of will—physical vigor and grace.

"You must not say you won't," the girl went on, giving Miss Lopp no time to answer, "until you know how much in need of a sensible companion I am. Father—and let me request you not to pay any attention to his strong expressions for he is really the best man you ever saw—well, he does everything he can to lighten my loneliness, but he can't do so very much, you know, being only a man, and I am actually hungry for some one to talk to."

"I don't see how I can resist so strong an appeal," Miss Lopp replied.

"There, I knew you couldn't say you wouldn't when you were brought to understand it all. And we'd better go now," she added, springing off the stool. "You shall have a large front room, but it has a rag carpet, woven half sentimentally by a woman that lives not far from here—by half sentimentally I mean that she thought so much of me she wove it for half price. But you don't mind that, do you?"

"What, the sentiment or the half price?"

"Why, the rag carpet, of course. I didn't know but you might expect velvet on the floor."

"My dear child," said Miss Lopp, "it was not the thought of a carpet that brought me into this neighborhood, and to tell you the truth I don't care whether the floor is covered with a rag or with sawdust."

"Oh, I just know that I shall like you, because you are not stupid with evenness of talk and kind-dried manners. So come on and we'll go over right now."

And so Miss Lopp was installed in a large room in an old-fashioned house. Her two front windows commanded the drowsy village, the town cow that looked as though she had been patched, having so often been sealed by irate housewives; the prowling hog, the sport of every dog that found himself without amusement, the hitching rack where farmers' nags squealed and bit at one another. But the two other windows looked upon a garden, rose-tinted here and there, the dark shade lying between rows of high peas, a tangle of plum bushes, a long slope and a creek.

The office of the newspaper was found in a jumbled state, with black and light types mixed together, but with the assistance of a boy who had long been an apprentice, a decent order was brought about, and from the very first number the paper showed an improvement. The paragraphs were written with a vigor that made the villagers wink as though their eyes had lighted upon something too bright for them; and the editorials on national and international subjects were set forth with that dignity which the farmer demands that his editor shall observe. A show of frankness soon won the confidence of a southern town, and Miss Lopp became so evident a favorite that within a month after her arrival her paper had picked up an additional circulation of fifty copies, a marvelous growth, a newspaper miracle in Broomfield.

Nell soon learned to pick up type, and was therefore Polly's closest and most valued companion. They were rarely seen apart; they strolled in the woods like lovers, and together they begged contributions to the mite society.

afternoon, as they were going home to enjoy the cool of the garden, Nell, swinging Polly's hand as they moved along, declared that she had never been so happy. "I feel that I am useful," she said; "I feel that I am the dearest friend of a woman who knows something. And do you know what I have been thinking of? I have been thinking that we ought to make a vow never to separate. I told father the other night that I should never marry, and if you will take up the same resolution why we will live together. There's the stage, and look there are three passengers, men, and they are coming this way."

Polly made no reply, but, leaning forward, looked eagerly at the men. They had been looking about them, but upon seeing her they came quickly forward, and as they approached one of them called: "Hello, Polly!" and then each one said: "Hello, Polly!"

Several of the townspeople were within hearing, and they loitered near to see what might follow. Polly spoke to the strangers, and then requested Nell to walk on, that she would overtake her. Nell hesitated. "Won't you please walk on?" Polly insisted. "I'll soon catch up with you."

Nell obeyed, though not without muttering an objection, and Polly stood in the road, talking to the strangers. What could it mean? Why were they so familiar with her and why should she desire to see them alone? They turned and slowly walked toward the stage coach, which was to go out again at once, to take passengers to the railway ten miles distant, and Polly talked to them in low tones and then they all nodded and smiled. Nell and the villagers were watching them, and so was old man Aimes, and just as the three men had seated themselves in the coach, the old man, commanding the driver to wait a moment, walked up to the door and said:

"I am the mayor of this town."

"Sorry for you," one of the men replied.

"Well, by Satan's hoofs, I like that, but excuse the expression for it's the strongest I ever did use; but what do



"MISS POLLY, WHAT DO IT MEAN?"

you mean by sneakin' in here without lettin' anybody know you was comin' an' sneakin' out again without lettin' anybody know why you did come? Now what have you got to say?"

"Shut the door, old man. Tra loo."

"Wait!" the old man commanded.

"Who are you and what did you want with this young woman?"

"Go on, driver. So long, old top."

And off they went.

"Miss Polly," said the old man, turning toward the editor, "what do it mean?"

"Your shirt collar is unbuttoned again," was all she said.

CHAPTER II.

That evening in the house of old man Aimes there was a silent supper party. Nell's flowing friendship had been rudely checked and a sharp heel had been set upon the old man's dignity. And it looked as though a coolness must necessarily follow. The strangers had brought a mystery with them and had left it in the village, and in this mystery stood Polly Lopp.

Not a word had been spoken. Polly arose to leave the table. Nell looked up and her countenance was sorrowful, not so much that there might be a compromising mystery, but that it was kept dark from her.

"Goin', Miss Polly?" Aimes asked.

"Yes, I am through with my supper."

"But wait a moment. Now there's no need of foolishness between us; we are your friends and you ought to speak out. Them men comin' here and bein' so familiar like with you will cause a scandal, and it's for me to determine as the mayor of this town whether or not I can stand by you. But first you must tell me—never mind about my shirt bein' unbuttoned and all that sort of thing—you must tell me somethin' about them men. Now will you?"

"Yes. They came and they went away. That is all you need to know."

"Not be a slatherin'—excuse my strength—no, it ain't. Where did you know them?"

"I might have met them in a city."

"Hah, what's that? Might have met them in a city, but why? That's what I

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want to know. Didn't you hear one of them refer to me as 'old top,' and I've been ten years mayor of this town? Hah, didn't you hear that? And why, then, should you have met them in a city, or anywhere else?"

"When I probably met them years ago perhaps I was not aware that they were going to refer to you as 'old top.'"

Nell laughed and the old man scratched his head. "Well, now, we'll say that you couldn't help meeting them," he went on, "but we can't say that you had to become so well acquainted with them as to let them call you Polly. I gad, I don't call you Polly, and I'm the mayor of this town and have been for ten years this comin' July, I gad. Hope the Lord will in the meantime excuse both I gads. Hah, now answer me that, will you?"

"All that you need to know, Mr. Aimes, you shall know in time."

"Hah, in time? But what will the people of this town think when they come to me to find out and I put them off with your sayin' that they shall know in time? I gad, miss, when the people of this town want to know a thing there ain't no such thing as time—the whole scheme is an eternity until they find out, and unless they find out before the next election I'm beaten as sure as a horn, and I've been mayor so long now that I can't quit. Set down here now and tell us, won't you?"

"Not this evening. Nell, I'm going out into the garden."

Polly was sitting in the summer house when Nell joined her. They were silent for a time and then Nell said: "I am so sorry that anything should have happened. I was as happy as I could be until then. Tell me, dear, what it

Continued on Eighth page.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniment without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following, from L. G. Bagley, Huonema, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years. It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by A. R. Champney, Druggist."

A BIG CATCH

Seven Tons of German Carp at One Haul.

One day recently Andrew Horn made a catch of fish from the Maumee river, which entitles him to the champion belt as a fisherman. His crew put out 65 rods seine and made a long sweep down the river at the Duinapac fishing grounds. The seine pulled very hard and Andrew felt satisfied he was making a valuable catch, but when the haul had been taken in he weighed up just 14,000 pounds of fish, the catch being composed chiefly of German Carp. It took seven wagons to carry them to Toledo where they were sold at one cent a pound.

This sounds like a "fish story" as indeed it is, but the proof of the statement can be obtained at the fish house where the fish were sold or of Mr. Horn, himself.

A peculiar thing of the Winter fishing is that a large catch will sometimes be taken at a haul and but a very few fish will be taken during the remainder of the day, and Mr. Horn says he simply dropped in on a large school of fish on that lucky day.

This beats the blue fishing record of Manager Stevens of the People's Theatre.

Holiday Goods.

Don't go to Toledo or elsewhere for your toys and holiday goods until you examine my new and large stock.

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